

WORLD OF

Monthly No.2

30p

HORROR

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF
THE MACABRE FROM
FILMS & FICTION**

Scream Scene
The Legend Of
The 7 Golden
Vampires



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**"THE
CLOWN
THAT CRIED
BLOOD"**

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KARLOFF, LEE, KING KONG

So you think you know the horror scene. Let's see if you can identify the following fearsome five.

WORLD OF HORROR ★ QUIZ TIME ★



Answers are on page 63.

Scoring:

- 5 correct - Monster master
- 4 correct - Creature Count
- 3 correct - Terror Toad
- 2 correct - Bessy Beginner
- 1 correct - Awful Amateur
- 0 correct - Go directly to the crypt. Do not pass go. Do not collect £200.00, place advance order for issue 3

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Front Cover

Christopher Lee, in a scene from Hammer's "Sons of Dracula" (discussed by p. 61).

We would like to gratefully acknowledge the following for visual contributions: Ron Bates, Columbia Warner, E.M.I., Paramount, Universal, R.K.O. and the many others who help to make the pages of "World of Horror" so much to life.

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WORLD OF HORROR



Monster Memo Contents

GREETINGS "World of Horror" ... judging by the mail we have received, you have had as much fun reading issue one, as we had putting it together ... our second effort continues to bring you more monsters from the screen, or should I say "SCREENS" and to keep you thousands of Lee fans happy we have included another feature on him: "The Many Faces of Christopher Lee."	Don't go up them stairs	4
This month we are also confronting the King of Horror, Mr. Boris "Frankenstein" Karloff, not to mention two more spine tingling, blood chilling, fifteen stories.	Monster mailbag	7
Well, guess I'll sign off for now and crowd back into my warm, snug coffin and dream up the contents of issue three.	World of Horror looks at Pop!	7
	Zardos	8
	Trapped by the thirst crazed baboons in the Arizona desert	12
	Horoscope	17
	The sexy son of Dracula (cartoon)	18
	The many faces of Christopher Lee	20
	Terror of the Holy Vehm	28
	The legend of the Seven Golden Vampires	32
	The Rocky Horror Show	36
	Monster Medinas	42
	The King of Horror - Boris Karloff	48
	King Kong	50
	The clown that cried blood	55
	The Golden Voyage of Sinbad	60

Gert Shaw



CRANDFATHER and he was never to go upstairs. By "upstairs" he meant, of course, the second flight, the upstairs (reads that he to the public area). His mother also stressed this unquestionable order in no uncertain terms. "Never, never, go up them stairs."

These were the first words he learnt to utter when still in the green stage, not all at once of course. First it was "Never," that drooled off his baby tongue, then "Go-o-o," followed by "een stairs-ee," in a few months "Mama" came afterwards, "Daddy" was never an issue — he was dead.

Loonel was test before he began to consider the implications of this order. He could go to school, go to the pictures, go to visit Aunt Matilda, who lived two miles away, but he could never — not if he lived to a hundred — go upstairs to the attic. It was like Adam being told he must keep off apples. One day he approached his mother when she was at the mast of junk making. "Why?" he asked.

"Why not?" she snapped, being in that kind of mood.

"Why can't I go upstairs to the attic?" Her plummy face turned to the color of unbleached putty, so that the veins in her cheeks looked like streaks of strawberry jam.

"What did you say?" Loonel's countenance unpuzzled, and he muttered, "Nothing," but it was too late, he was seized by his shirt collar and dragged into the presence of his grandfather who was doing before the attic room fire.

"He asked me why," his mother gasped in a voice that could scarce be heard.

"Why?" Grandfather's faded old man's eyes glimmered with fear, his mouth sagged like the trough he were about to cry, then he was "Loonel, cuffing him about the ears, but without much force, for he was very frail."

"Ye-don't-ask-why," He screamed the words, and Mother admonished not so softly. "Careful, Dad, you'd do yourself an injury," whereupon the old man returned to his chair putting like a worn-out steam engine.

"Never ask why again," he nodded weakly, "just never go up them stairs."

This oath must have hastened the week done by unseen years (no one knew how old Grandfather was), for one morning, just over a week later, Mother found grandfather dead in his bed. Two men came and put him in a coffin, which was laid on two trestles in the front, to be used only on special occasions, room, kitchen, garden and the entrance of whom Loonel up to that date never suspected, came to pay their last respects. There was much drinking of grocer's sherry and munching of biscuits. Loonel, scrubbed and red, reappeared in a light black suit, tipped his bowler, and

DON'T GO UP THE STAIRS

R. CNETWYND-BAYES



wondered why they had all come to see. After all the funeral was not for two days yet. Aunt Matilda was there, a vast bundle of lavender and old lace, for the weight of all of nightmare stone, her false teeth were continually slipping which gave her a somewhat ludicrous, absurd expression, not at all in keeping with the occasion.

"How's you like to stay with yer old auntie?" the enquirer, after ruffling his hair, an operation which annoyed him exceedingly.

"All right," he conceded with reluctance. It so happened he was spared this particular ordeal, news came some two hours later that a band of the Tabernacle of Divine Wrestlers had burst

Aunt Matilda's cottage down. Mother looked particularly worried and tried to pull him off on the other toilet and stairs, but with no success.

"Give him a black D-R-A-L-L-G-H-T," advised Aunt Matilda, who seemed in no way put out by the destruction of her home, "I'll never hear a thing."

They both overlooked the fact that Loonel could yell.

Mother was not a good actress. The next day she made continual and loud comments, stating he looked poorly, and how much good a nice basin of bath would do him, if consumed just before bedtime. She also unwisely added how well he'd sleep afterwards. When she was outside hanging up the washing Loonel inspected the kitchen. Apart from minced chicken, onions and chopped vegetables, there was a quantity of black powder in a white envelope. This he washed down the sink, and substituted black pepper in its place, then ran back to the living room just as Mother came back with her empty washing basket.

That evening all the uncles and aunts came back and a red-faced man who had been introduced as Uncle Arthur arrived with a whebarrow filled with bricks. Mother in a loud stage whisper told him to put them round the back, adding, quite unnecessarily, that "little rug had big eyes." Then they all sat round and watched Loonel drink his broth.

"Lucky boy," bellowed Aunt Matilda, "I only wish somebody would make me some nice broth."

"Lucky stuff" Uncle Arthur smacked his lips. "Makes me mouth water, it does."

It is extremely doubtful if this appreciation would have lasted beyond the first sip; the pepper had made the broth very hot, and Loonel's mouth felt sore by the time he had emptied the basin.

"Feel sleepy, now?" enquired Mother.

"Yes," said Loonel.

Everyone gave a sigh of relief, and there was quite a procession to escort him to bed. He was tucked in, kissed a disgusting number of times, then they all trooped out, but Loonel had a suspicious someone was posted outside his door, if not indeed peering through the keyhole, to report progress. He closed his eyes and even succeeded in what he hoped was a realistic manner. The door creaked open, footsteps tiptoed across the room, and Loonel was gently shaken.

"You sleep?" asked Mother. Loonel averted one eyelid, and fought down a traitorous sneeze.

"Is 'e off?" enquired Aunt Matilda's voice from the doorway.

"A terrible lot," Mother replied.

"He'll be under for eight hours at least."

They left him and looked the door,

Continued on page 28

HAMMER HORROR! DRAGON THRILLS! The First Kung Fu Horror Spectacular!



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WHAT IS THE WORLD COMING TO?



ZARDOZ

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300 YEARS FROM NOW IN THE ERA OF



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COSTUME DESIGNER
EDITED BY
PRODUCTION DESIGNER
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"ZARDOZ" is set in the year 2293. Most of the action takes place in a "technological commune" whose members have discovered the secret of eternal life. They are sealed off from a desolated world, but Zed (Sean Connery), a mysterious outsider, penetrates their carefully guarded seclusion, forcing an explosive and dramatic confrontation.

THE self-sustaining community of super-brains calls itself the Vortex. When the film opens it has already existed for some 300 years since its inception in 1990, when industrial society had finally collapsed. The Vortex people have solved the problem of mortality and are now faced with the considerable problems of eternal life. This super society has three social moieties, namely the Apathetics, a sick segment of the group whom everlasting life has proved too heavy a burden. They also have the Renegades, individuals whose crimes have earned them the only punishment possible in a world where there is no death—aging.

To stir up the action other groups making up the population of the Earth are the Extremists, a





privileged and physically superior group, who are permitted to breed under strict control. The Brutals, living at subsistence level and in constant fear of the dreaded Exterminators, and Zardor itself, which is a mountain-sized godhead that looms over the earth and is controlled by the Vortex.

Zed, the principal character, played by Sean Connery, is an Exterminator, who crosses the forbidden boundary to reach the heart of the Vortex. Connery's performance helps a great deal in the film's credibility. Zed, like Adam, is born into innocence, lives by hunting and killing, worships and

fears his God, Zardor, until it occurs to him that Zardor is cruel and revengeful. He acquires knowledge and innocence is lost. Zed destroys his God and dares to enter the realm of the Gods himself.

In "Zardor", Connery plays Zed. Among the Immortals Charlotte Rampling is Consuela, Sara Keselman is May and John Alderton is Irend. The film's technical lineup included Geoffrey Unsworth to photograph in Patagonia, Tony Pratt to design it, and Christel Krue Boorman to do the costumes. John Merrat was the editor and Charles Grouse the associate producer.



SCREAM SCENE

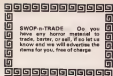


HTV from Bristol has recently completed a TV feature based on Oscar Wilde's "The Canterville Ghost". It has already been sold to the U.S.A. and should hit U.K. viewers about Christmas. The play stars that veteran, David Niven and we will be giving it full coverage in an upcoming issue.



Consumer report "THE DRINK ON A STAKE" - "Dracula Ice Cream," from T. Wall & Son, features "Blood-red jelly" inside black ice lollies. Appears to be a favourite of the kids.

Society with a difference "THE DRACULA SOCIETY" was formed in November of 1973 and although their society is not wholly devoted to the Count, he does receive considerable attention. There are approximately 120 members with as many men as women. For further details write to: Mr. B. Davis, Secretary, The Dracula Society, 40 Chestnut Gardens, London W8. By the way, a fellow by the name of C. Lee is the president.



SWOP n-TRADE Do you have any horror material to trade, borrow, or sell, if so let us know and we will exchange the items for you, free of charge.

RadioTimes

The Radio Times, August 3-9 issue, carried some nice coverage on the Dracula scene. The article, entitled, "Dracula Revamped" makes us realise just how popular the old blood sucker really is ... the article even reports that a University in Florida is giving a course on Dracula studies.



The Yankee are quick to capitalize ... they know the value of horror. A firm from Pennsylvania has brought out a series of greeting cards, featuring many of our friends.



Andy Warhol, our far-out friend, has just completed his version of "Frankenstein", in 3-D, no less, and by all reports it is really gruesome, not to mention obscene. It has been released in the U.S., but we hear it may have difficulty at the British Board of Censors. Andy is also working on a 3-D sequel about Dracula. Should be well worth seeing.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not *A-a-a-a-a-r-r-g-h*



Sooner or later the baboons would jump him. He had one bullet to use on himself, deciding not to let the beasts take him alive



Nate Dean

An Injured Truck Driver At The Mercy Of His Animal Cargo

NATE Dean could feel his fear lodged like a hard, indigestible lump in his gut. The unpleasant, musky scent of animal was very strong in the air although he could see no sign of the creatures anywhere along the grassy ravine. For a moment he thought maybe his imagination was playing tricks on him. Then he heard a sound that made the hair on the back of his neck bristle.

It was the low, sharp bark of a baboon. The sound came from one end of the ravine. Almost immediately there was an answering bark from the opposite end of the ravine. Cold, clammy sweat soaked through Nate Dean's thin shirt: somehow the baboons had managed to silently stalk him and now they had him trapped in the ravine.

A second later he

Trapped By Thirst-Crazed Baboons In The Arizona Desert



The baboon leader charged at Nate—he struck out with his rifle until it was snatched from his hands by the other

By TOM CHRISTOPHER
ART BY BRUCE MANNLEY

THIRST-CRAZED BABOONS

are the two brown-black Chamae baboons, one at the south end of the ravine, the other at the north. Each had run up out of the tall grass the second nocturnal in the still air. Each was about five feet in height and weighed down to 100 pounds. They were big, muscular, with the bodies of small apes, and before long their faces, standing slack-jawed, scowling yellow lips clearly visible in their gaping mouths. Nate became aware of a new sound, the soft chattering of other baboons in the distance. He turned his head and saw the rest of the baboon pack—there were a hundred of the animals in all, ranged along the steep slopes above the ravine.

The scene could have been the birth country of South Africa, the natural habitat of the Chamae baboons. But it wasn't. This night scene was taking place in the Arizona Desert, in March of 1973. Nate Deen, a truck driver for the Greenham Zoological Laboratory, in western Arizona, had been stranded in the desert when his truck overturned and his leg was broken. The 100 South African Chamae baboons he had been transporting to the Laboratory had escaped from their cages. That had happened fourteen hours earlier.

At the moment, standing in the center of the ravine, Nate's immediate instinct was to panic and run—anywhere. But he didn't. Instead, he fought down his fear, to give himself time to assess the situation and calculate his line of action. His hip hurt like hell. The crude crush he'd felt when he'd been wrenched a yard from one of the smashed baboon cages was hardly strong enough to support him, and the spine he'd strapped to his hip with his belt was rubbing the skin raw.

Despite his handicap, however, he wasn't totally defenseless. He had his .300 Smith-Enfield rifle, and a couple of rounds of ammunition. He also had a Swiss knife stuck in his belt. In addition, there was his own physical bulk—he was six feet tall, weighed one hundred and ninety pounds and, at 27 years of age, was in top condition. He knew his own strength, and he was to get out of the ravine and back to the cave where he had taken refuge after the truck smash-up. Besides providing refuge, there was in the cave a small water hole fed by one underground stream which supplied him with just good water. The only reason he'd ventured out this morning was to look for food.

Leaving the cave, he now realized, had been a mistake. But he hadn't expected, even though the sentinels at the Laboratory had warned him of the almost-human intelligence and cunning of the baboons, that the animals would be so well organized they could track him and try to trap him. He got out of his fix, he realized, he wouldn't again underestimate the creatures.

His only hope lay in trying to escape through the thickets of cactus and yucca which grew a dried-out wash in the rock near where he stood. As he turned to scramble into the brush, one of the baboons—the one at the east end of the ravine—barked shrilly and came bounding toward the man. Nate Deen clung to his crush with one hand and swung

the muzzle of his rifle up with the other, bracing the butt of the weapon against his good leg to steady it.

There was no time to aim, no time to hesitate for any reason, and Nate triggered off a wild shot. There was shrill babbling from the baboon troop up on the ridge, but the big male kept coming. He was, then, maybe twelve yards away, when Nate fired again. There was an anguished howl from the enraging baboon when the bullet struck him in the side, opening him halfway around. Nate fired again, and then shot was enough to send the huge animal scurrying back up the ravine.

Nate glanced quickly toward the second baboon at the west end of the ravine and saw that it, too, had hastily retreated.

"Good," the man muttered grimly to himself—turning, he scrambled onto the dry wash and the brush, on his hands and knees. He crawled forward rapidly, dragging the crush and his rifle behind him. He knew it wouldn't be long before the pack regained its courage and came after him. He could already hear the faintest chattering all around him.

Never before in his life had Nate felt such terror as he experienced when he dragged himself inch by inch across the uneven, rock-strewn ground of the wash, the baboons barking shrilly behind him in pursuit. It was as if the natural rules had been reversed and he, with his beating big heart reduced to a faint throb, was the animal and the baboons were the humans hunting him down in sport.

By the time he finally reached the end of the wash and could see the opening of the cave a few yards ahead, he was breathless and his heart was pounding in his chest. He could hear the baboons coming closer as he staggered to his feet. The crush under one arm, he looked toward the cave.

When he was only a few feet away, he could tell by the rising sound of the animals that some of the pack had emerged from the brush and were coming after him. He pivoted on his crush, raised the rifle and, much as he hated using his last few remaining shots, fired a spray of bullets at the oncoming pack. Once again, they scattered in confusion and fear.

Drugging with sweet, Nat Deen listened to the cave, felt the crush drag, and slumped down in the dank coolness of the interior. For several seconds he sat, silent, breathing, while his eyes adjusted to the gloom. For the moment, he knew, he was safe. His mouth felt like it was full of cotton wool, and, though still exhausted, he dragged himself deeper into the cave, toward the small water hole to slake his terrible thirst.

It was then that a dark, shapeless form drifted out from the shadows of the cave wall and loomed over him like some apparition in a nightmare. For a split second the man's mind failed to comprehend what his eyes saw—a baboon. Nate Deen knew, once that split second had passed, that this animal,

shrewder than the others, had found its way to the cave and water while he had been alone.

The animal looked and grunted, baring its fangs. The man, on his hands and knees, raised up. He had the rifle in his hands and he waved the barrel back and forth wildly while he fought to balance himself. The baboon lunged for the rifle and Nate flung himself backward and rolled away. The baboon leaped at him, then dashed away. The man, lying on his back, swung the rifle muzzle up. The baboon snarled, snarled, snarled. Now knew there would be no more fighting. The baboon would make a first, deadly charge. In the next seconds, one of them would die.

There was no noise, glacially slow from the baboon and it lunged toward the man. Nate squeezed the trigger and the bullet exploded out of the Lee-Enfield. The animal fell, lying motionless. Nate thought he had missed. But, suddenly, the huge, hairy animal swayed and fell, the lifeless body at his feet. Now could have reached out and touched it.

The man felt no triumph as he gazed down at the dead baboon. He hadn't wanted to shoot it. Now he dragged the carcass to the mouth of the cave and shoved it outside. He squatted there and watched as the other baboons filed silently across the clearing, like human mourners, lifted the dead baboon and bore the body away into the rock hills. Afterward, baboon snarled, spread out along the line of hills, sat motionlessly and stared down at the cave. To Nate Deen, watching them from inside, everything that had happened since he set out from the Greenham Zoological Laboratory the morning before seemed like a bad dream.

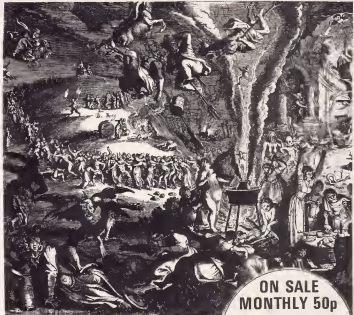
The Laboratory had been properly placed in a remote area of the Arizona desert so that scientists working there could conduct their experiments with the world's wild animals in seclusion. That morning before Nate left for the nearest airport, fifty miles east, to pick up a shipment of Chamae baboons from in South Africa, he got his instructions from one of the Laboratory's senior assistants. The man, Dr. Emilie Cherkov, said:

"You'll be bringing back a very valuable cargo, Deen. You see, only recently the baboon species have started killing and eating flesh. Prior to that time, these animals were vegetarians. We hope, through our studies, to find out why the baboon changed its diet and also perhaps learn when and how man himself became a flesh-eater."

Nate nodded and Dr. Cherkov went on to explain that the behavior of baboons was in many ways similar to the behavior of man. The animals had a society—they lived in troops—with a leader, scouts, sentries, and were skilled at tracking and killing their enemies, whether animals or humans. Nate felt no particular concern, even after he had heard all that, although he took the precaution of arriving home with his Lee-Enfield rifle before he set out for the airport on his trip.

At the airport, he encountered no difficulty in getting the cages, with the hundred baboons, loaded into the back of the truck and started the return trip in the early part of the afternoon. About half the distance to the Laboratory, he turned off the main road onto a short cut which would get him back sooner. Since he had grown up in Arizona,

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he leave the region well and had traveled over this mid-west road which wound back through the dense hills and treacherous desert many times.

It was a hot, cloudless day and before the truck had gone far along the highway, a constant chattering of the caged baboons behind him began to get on Nate Deane's nerves. His turned several times and yelled at them—it had the effect of temporarily quieting them. But the silence never lasted long and after this had happened repeatedly, the driver, suddenly out of patience, roared around in his seat and shouted: "Shut up! Shut up! Quiet!"

While he was still turned in his seat, he felt the truck twist lurchingly to the right and he knew one wheel had gone off the road. Before he could get the truck under control again, the whole had plunged off the side of the road and was rolling upside down, into a deep 30-foot gorge 10 ft by one of the arm's enormous flash floods.

There was the sound of tearing metal, the screams of baboons, the sound of hitting metal, the pain in his right leg before the fall ended. He shut off the ignition, with the truck lying on its side.

ALREADY, he could hear the babel of the animals all around the truck and knew some of them had escaped. His hip was sending blinding flashes of pain through his body and he knew it was broken as he crawled out of the wreckage, pulling the rifle with him. All around him were the smashed cages and the freed baboons were busy tearing at the cages which hadn't broken completely, releasing the still pressed up animals.

None of the baboons paid any attention to him so he left them alone, gathered up a couple of pieces of broken cage bars to make a staff and crouch, and hoped a way to find a cave where they might be water from an underground stream.

He had to search out three caves before he found the one he was looking for, with small water hole in it. The stream which had fed the pool had dried up, but Nate reckoned there was enough water there to keep him alive until a monsoon party came looking for him—that is, the baboons didn't attack him first. He had some fear these might be ruthless and armed and he kept a close grip on his rifle. But he saw no animals

and he drank deeply of the slightly brackish water or he'd die. He was still so weak that the water helped revive him and he had just lifted his head when he heard a sound behind him toward the front of the cave. He turned, the rifle in his hands, and saw dozens of baboons crowded there in the entrance. They had used the water and thirst had driven them in. But Nate also knew there wasn't enough of the precious liquid to share it with the animals.

He couldn't let them have access to the water or he'd die. He set his decision. He flipped the rifle barrel up and fired off a round of shots, chipping rock and shelling off the wall which choked down the cave on the baboons and drove them away.

The only hope of survival was to maintain a single arrow of the water hole, to keep the animals away. He hoped he'd be able to stay alive until the Laboratory realized he was on an accident and reported it to a search party would come looking for him. The hole of it was that he was stranded well off the beaten track, so it would take time before they'd locate him. Because of his broken hip, he couldn't move far away from the area to work up.

That night, he had slept fitfully in the cave, and then hearing the baboons enter the cave. The next day, he had watched the cave to look for food, had been almost trapped and killed, and had to scurry back to his shelter all the while baboons were on the loose.

Now, as Nate Deane baddled at the mouth of the cave, he could see the baboons moving restlessly along the rock faces of the hills, their eyes fixed on the spot where the man waited. Sooner or later, he suspected, they might all try to jump him. If that happened, would be able to kill them with his rifle.

He checked his rifle and his heart ached when he saw there were only two bullets left in the gun. Two bullets! That meant he had only one shot left. One bullet he'd save—either to use as a signal if a search party ever arrived, or to use as a last shot. He'd already decided he wouldn't let the baboons take him alive.

Several long hours passed. Nate could sense the baboons were growing restless in the cave, while some of the other members of the troop, the females with babies, the smaller males, remained at a safe distance behind the main big males who were only yards or so away from the mouth of the cave. Then the men stepped directly in front of the cave and only one, a huge, muscular male bounded to within a few feet of the man, moving extremely close, close, grunting, shaking its head frantically. Nate Deane knew that was the leader of the troop.

He knew, also, that the time had come when he had to move out of the cave and confront the leader. Otherwise, they would all come swarming into the cave, confident that they had locked the power to stop him. Nate raised himself on his crutch and, holding his rifle, stepped out into the bright sunlight. There was an instant chatter of alarm from the animals on the rocks, from the female baboons and the younger ones but the leader didn't retreat. The other fol-

lowed males behind the leader began to jabber softly as if urging the leader on.

Nate raised his rifle. He was going to use one of his last two bullets. But he never got the chance. The baboon leader, moving with incredible swiftness, rushed him, snatched at the rifle, and the Lee-Enfield was going, lying on the ground and Nate was uttering back and forth on his crutch. The baboon, snarling to reveal the jagged yellow fangs that would deliver the final, fatal bite, cried loudly and charged toward the man. Nate fired it off hastily with his crutch before the crutch, too, was snatched from his hands.

Believing himself permanently on one good leg, Nate drew his knife and finished the blade. The baboon hesitated for a second, then lunged forward. Nate and beast collided and so they fell. Nate drew the knife blade into the baboon's throat with all the strength he possessed. The animal writhed slowly away, tried to scramble to the feet, outspined and lay anawing, the knife protruding from its throat. There was a long, mournful wail from the waiting troop.

Nate watched up his rifle and then his crutch. He pulled himself upright and sawed the rifle across back and forth in the air. Then he shouted, a loud, piercing shout directly at the pack of baboons in front of him. The animals whimpered and began to retreat. Nate shouldered again and kept ahead of his children all the baboons turned and fled back into the hills.

The next night, shouting until he was almost hoarse when he stepped he saw the white of his teeth about still reverbbering on the still air. The silence, too, finally died away and in their place, Nate suddenly heard another sound—the sound of several cars.

The lights around were very near. Nate fired a shot into the air and hebbled forward on his crutch, toward the road where the truck had overturned. He hobbled hurriedly on for another couple of minutes and he saw one car on the road alongside the truck. The men had stopped and men were getting out of the cars.

Nate fired his last remaining bullet into the air—he saw the men on the road wave to him and heard their shouting. The animal was over. He moved back quickly forward and lay on his back in the sand.

It wasn't long afterward that the rescuers, many of them Park Rangers, had appeared. Nate in one of the cars and given him first aid. It took a while longer before the someone from the Laboratory, who had come along with search party, reached up all the baboons and caught them for the trip back to the Laboratory.

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Horrorscope



Your fate, matches you, don't bring him to the Green. Bring your girl instead. If your lady does come, have on, please, find them dark. Because you know how confusing things get late at night.

CAPRICORN (The Goat)

Lonely ones all wait, but don't be disappointed. At one door closes, another opens in your sleep. Your kind's old man is so to you you can expect a patch of luck to flash on your mind. You may find any day, sound advice; lay low ... on your own.

VIRGO (The Virgin)

Virgin, Virgin, this is no 'You're always saying yes.' I like you but not up anything. When you run from heavy breathing, Virgin, Virgin, strong of will. Now have to take a pill. Come one day you'll want to look it. But there'll be no ready market.



LIBRA (The Scales)

We don't know how you caught it, And we don't need her as a snail. But it sure isn't dramatic. No fake old critics here, she.

AQUARIUS (The Water Carrier)

Your past efforts are about to bear fruit, and, unfortunately, so is your best girlfriend. To maintain this child you will have to take on some work. But don't worry, you'll work. All your plans are due, but you'll come through. People will criticize you and accuse you of being a nut, but this is only because it's true. You will have to face the world, Wario, you will have to face the underworld because her brother is a well-known head. Buy a rifle, defend in a franchise and you may strike it rich. Your fortune comes from living—living.

SCORPIO (The Scorpion)

A fortunately your romance will break up this year, but there will be no heartache. The reason is breaking up is because there haven't been any hard feelings. The cause of the trouble won't be obvious to you at first, but you may be able to put your finger on it in the new year. Accordingly, you may look forward to a reconciliation.

GEMINI (The Twins)

Your boyfriend will take you and your mother to watch the stars tonight. You and your Ma will wear white skirts and as you go up the stairs he will see a man. He will also see Ma's. While you are on the road your boyfriend will observe a heavenly body but it will suddenly look more evil. (He got a bit dirt across the way will do the trick.)

ARIES (The Ram)

Over the years, parties have been your undoing. Remember last year when you went to your best friend's place, swallowed a martini and tasted Goli. Then the year before after the garden party, when your wife found Valt's in the back of your car because the sly, gut had forgotten to put them back on again. And what about 1963, when they caught you with the brother's daughter and they wouldn't believe you when you said you were only after a bit of mischief and gossip. Well this is the year to pull in your horns and behave. Remember the old saying: "True husbands reach much greater speech than men who are trying to pull on their necks."



CANCER (The Crab)

Good work to stay in bed, preferably someone else's. On Saturday, gamble a little money, preferably someone else's. When a letter comes, write a relative, preferably someone else's.

TAURUS (The Bull)

Beware of accidents this week. Don't get caught under ladders, particularly these in stockings. Keep shoes on the table, particularly if your feet are not in them. Don't drink in the dressing room—it may make her husband. As the matter of fact, pretend you are a dress girl and keep your eye on 1953 going and pretend you are a dress girl.

LEO (The Lion)

Research has shown that men born in this cycle are particularly susceptible to the touch of ladies. If you find apart at every party when

SAGITTARIUS (The Archer)

You're been at a house and lunch, so it's late his wife doesn't find out. It's time for her to start thinking. If you want to get Christmas, don't do it until you find back the house. That way, if you don't get in the door, you'll at least end up in the shop, in fact, with your lack of vision and shippers. You can enter an extremely large store, so buy in (Opera House).

PISCES (The Fish)

If you're out in the sun, it's because you don't miss in the night school. Get out of your way in most positions, be nice to teachers, sit drink waters and always show at the club. And never knock back the bottle. That way, if you don't get in the door, you'll at least end up in the shop, in fact, with your lack of vision and shippers. You can enter an extremely large store, so buy in (Opera House).



I PICK... THE... BLONDE!

I HIDE AND WAIT FOR HER TO LEAVE...



I TRAP HER IN A BLIND ALLEY...



THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE



Above: Christopher Lee, aged 8



Curse of Frankenstein



Scars of Dracula

Below left: A Tale of Two Cities
Below: Oblong Box

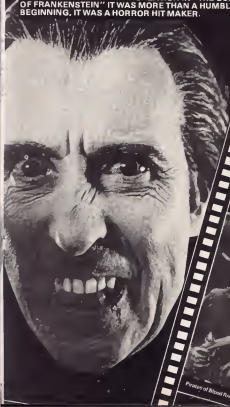
Below: Crimson Pirate

Below: A Man Who Could Cheat Death



WE RECEIVED HUNDREDS OF LETTERS REGARDING THE COLOUR SPREAD IN ISSUE ONE ENTITLED "THE CHRISTOPHER LEE HORROR GALLERY," AND A GOOD MANY OF THEM SCREAMED "MORE!". IN VIEW OF THESE MANY LETTERS WE HAVE DECIDED TO FILL YOUR REQUEST. WE TRUST YOU WILL ENJOY THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE, ESPECIALLY THE BABY PICTURE.

MR. LEE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SCREAM MERCHANTS IN THE WORLD TODAY BEGAN HIS HORROR FILM CAREER IN 1956, PLAYING FRANKENSTEIN'S CREATION IN "THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN" IT WAS MORE THAN A HUMBLE BEGINNING, IT WAS A HORROR HIT MAKER.



LEE HAS STARRED IN DOZENS OF EERIE EPICS SINCE THAT EARLY PORTRAYAL OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER. "THE MUMMY"; "THE FACE OF FU MANCHU"; "I, MONSTER"; "HORROR EXPRESS" AND, "THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA"; TO NAME BUT A FEW.

AFTER SURVEYING THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE WE CONCLUDE THAT THERE IS ONE CHARACTER, ABOVE ALL OTHERS, THAT HAS CAPTURED THE IMAGINATION OF THE WORLD AND THAT IS HIS INFAMOUS, BLOOD CURDLING, BLOOD SUCKING, COUNT DRACULA. IT WAS 1958 THAT LEE BROUGHT US HIS INTERPRETATION (one which many feel is the closest to the original Dracula) OF THIS CHARACTER, TO THE CINEMA, AND SINCE THEN HAS PLAYED THE ROLE MANY TIMES



Respect, The Mad Monk

Wicker Men

The Devil Rides Out
Left: Julian Casar

CARTOON CACKLE



**"Refreshes
the parts other
beeps can not peach"**



Film Credits: Production company-Mindel & Stone
Set Designer-David Bill
Visual Effects-Peter Richardson
Frankenstein-John Woodnutt
Monster-Bernard Taylor

Horror and the monsters that contribute to making it the spine chilling sensation it is, has reached popularity stages that even rivals the time-established western saga, as an entertainment medium.

Colet, Dickinson, Pearson, the fast-thinking and creative advertising agency handling the Heineken account in the U.K., were quick to take advantage of this great popularity, with their Frankenstein commercial and we must say, it is both entertaining as well as having high commercial value.

The director of the film, Vernon Howe and the writer Terry Lovelock, rapidly called on the services of veteran make-up man Chris Tucker Tucker, who has worked on many feature films, including, "Bequest to the Nation" "Barly McKenzie Holds His Own" and currently working on "Vampires", used his talents to create the monster.

MONSTER MEMO. To all other advertising agencies, "Let us have more monsters in the old boob tube. We're sick of seeing all those phony, nice, typical, consumers."

Confidential market report:

released from official secrets act and circulation manager. Stars show areas where three or more copies of our first issue were sold.

The only thing wrong with these cartoons... they aren't funny.
(Please send help)





Continued from page 4

unsuccessful that a rim lock has screws on the inside which are easily removed by a penknife, a present from Grandfather last Halloween.

There was an awful lot of banging in the front entry, and the door was obligingly ajar. Two undead were lifting Grandfather out of his coffin, and after they had laid him on the floor, they began to fill the coffin with bricks which Uncle Arthur was passing through the open window. The entire family, if they were related, were attired in strange costumes. Mother and all the aunts wore full black supertight hats, and long matching dresses, while the uncles were naked, save for a knee-length black apron. Presently the coffin was filled with bricks and Uncle Arthur, after dipping it through the window and closing it after him, started to screw down the lid, while everyone else entered a dirge that sounded to Luciel something like this:

"Grandfather was with us, long, long, long.
Now he has gone, gone, gone,
Where did he go, go, go?
Down, where the dark river flows,
flow, flow."

Now his body is dead, dead, dead.
But the Black One must be, fed, fed, fed.
Give him meat to munch, munch, munch,
And lovely bones to crunch, crunch, crunch."

Uncle Arthur had finished screwing the lid back, and they lifted Grandfather, who looked very frail and cold in his white flannel nightgown, and laid him on the coffin. They now joined hands and danced round the corpse, this time singing a rather gay little tune that sounded rather like "Knees Up Mother Brown."

"Upstairs we all must go,
He-Ho-He-Ho-He,
All must be done just so-so,
He-Ho-He-Ho-He."

Do we fry his liver, broase his lights?
He-Ho-He-Ho-He,
Roast his kidneys, sew his eyes,
He-Ho-He-Ho-He."

No, the Black One they're raw,
He-Ho-He-Ho-He,
He's waiting for us behind the door,
He-Ho-He-Ho-He."

Now together let us sing,
He-Ho-He-Ho-He,
Black out's dinner we do bring,
He-Ho-He-Ho-He."

The doctors took a much needed rest, Aunt Matilda was petting and petting in a most alarming manner! Uncle Arthur was leaning on Grandfather's feet, until Mother gave him an angry push that sent her sprawling. Luciel would have laughed if it had not been for their eyes. Even when they were singing their silly little dirge their eyes were bright. — *given with courtesy*

series were grimaces, mouths twitched, hands trembled. Uncle Arthur clambered to his feet, then looked upwards in one revealing glance. Everyone repeated the movement, Aunt Matilda gave utterance:

"We must go up!"
Luciel led, ran up the stairs silently on bare feet, to take refuge in his bedroom and listen behind his unbollock door. There came the tramp of feet, the thumping of the heavily laden, the creak of protesting stairboards, and something moved in the room above. A shivering, followed by a soft bumping, then as the procession on the stairs began to retreat yet another dirge, whatever was above started to dance.

"Black Out, Black Out, here we come,
Beating home for your old man,
Grandpa's ripe and ready now,
Come out quick, and get your show!"

The ceiling shook, a picture moved, and the noise above became a patter of shoe soles. Grandfather and his escort passed Luciel's door and carried on up the second flight. Luciel waited. There was a bump on the top landing, the family came running downstairs so fast, someone slipped and tumbled down the last few steps, the dancing ceased and a heavy tread crossed the ceiling. The rumour of subdued voices below indicated the family were waiting also, and Luciel gently pulled his door open and peered out. A black candle was burning on the bottom stair of the second flight. It splintered, and gave out a thin plume of white smoke, then the door of the attic creaked open and a strong draught blew the candle out. The family chanted again as Luciel closed his door.

Continued on page 16

Mystic

The monthly chronicle of the supernatural, satanism and the Occult



'PLANET OF THE APES' COMES TO BRITAIN

We at "World of Horror" are really looking forward to this new show to turn sane our readers are. There are plenty of people around who insist that television is going to the dogs. Thank heavens they are wrong. It's going right.

A new TV series, Planet of the Apes, can be expected to flash across the TV screens of this nation in October or early November. Grants have purchased it from 20th Century Fox.

Planet of the Apes TV style, was created because of the animosity of box office success created by the five motion pictures (World of Horror plans in depth coverage of the original in an upcoming issue).

The one hour drama series features two astronauts and a ship. In the opening episode the astronauts return to Earth and discover they have passed through a time warp and it is no longer the Earth as they know it but "PLANET OF THE APES". Human individuals live in the near zone the centre of the ape world and perform mental tasks, but unlike designed man, the apes have the power of speech. The apes are the rulers because of their natural superiority. Because the humans do speak, this series will provide a wide spectrum of dramatic situations for prominent guest stars. Rocky McDowell heads the cast with the producer being Stan Hough.



MONTHLY
50p

SECRET SOCIETIES

THE TERROR OF THE HOLY VHEM

IN every sphere of human activity, there will be found a group of people who appoint themselves as keepers of the peace and public morals. The fact that a police force already exists to perform these and similar tasks escapes the notice of these self-appointed do-gooders who are, at best, an infuriating nuisance.

It is in the ranks of the secret societies that the structure of such self-appointed keepers of the peace is best illustrated. The first of these is the Order of the Holy Vhem, which is a secret society of men and women who are sworn to maintain the peace and public morals in every sphere of human activity.

It is said that the Order of the Holy Vhem is a secret society of men and women who are sworn to maintain the peace and public morals in every sphere of human activity. The Order of the Holy Vhem is a secret society of men and women who are sworn to maintain the peace and public morals in every sphere of human activity.





A modern-day Iron Maiden used by magister Kerkheim. The active wall moves forward and the hundred 14" spikes are forced through the body of the subject.

TERROR OF THE HOLY VHEM

The formation of the society and its very name is the subject of debate and argument. There are those who argue the name is a corruption of the German word "Zahn" meaning a flag or standard. Others maintain it is derived from the Latin "tumor" meaning fame or reputation while a third school of thought suggests the title is derived from the Arabic "Tahit" meaning venerate. It is the last that is the most likely as it is more than possible that the word was brought back from the Holy Land by the remnants of the band of cut-throats and murderers who had the gall to call themselves Crusaders and, under a veil of Christianity, perpetrated some of the vilest deeds of recorded history.

There are no known records extant of the activities of the Holy Vhem and the deeds of the society are largely recalled through word-of-mouth, legend and folklore. But such is the persistence of the legends, there can be little doubt that such a secret society existed and, it is rumored, still exists to this very day.

Although, as has already been stated, there are no records of the group available, a witness writing in 1490 in the area of Arnsberg told the arms of the society

Initially, the Holy Vhem was dedicated to upholding the principle of the Ten Commandments and other aspects of the Christian faith. Admirable though these ambitions were, the society soon found there was little scope for them because the majority of the people were happy enough to accept the teachings of Christianity and needed little urging to follow the principles of the true faith.

So the Holy Vhem looked further afield and, by 1600, declared their policy which included proceedings against those who revealed the secrets of the Carols Magnus, preached or introduced heresy, fell from the faith and became heathens, committed perjury, practiced witchcraft or magic and entered into any treaty with the Evil One and, finally, revealed the secrets of the Society of the Holy Vhem.

In case the society had overlooked anything in this comprehensive list of sins, they hastily added they were also on the watch for anyone concerned with wild squires churches and churchyards, theft, rape, robbery of women in childbirth, public treason, highway robbery, secret and open manslaughter and murder, wandering vagabonds and those who committed suicide. And to complete the matter completely, an extra clause was announced the Vhem would proceed against "those who act against heaven and righteous."

On the face of it, the activities of the Holy Vhem would have seemed laudable every person in Westphalia but curious exceptions were made. Women and children were declared outside the jurisdiction of the society. Jews, heathens and the like were also exempt because they were beyond the pale of such an august group, nevertheless those with blue blood in their veins could only be tamed by their peers and members of the clergy were also immune from the attention of the Vhem.

Becoming a member of the Holy Vhem was obviously a desirable aim in that one became a very special personage, by being a member, automatically became immune from the attentions of the society. The main body of the members were known as the Schoppen and there was a period of initiation during which time the candidate was known as the Ignorant and, when fully enrolled, as the Wise or Knowing. What was involved in the initiation is not known but it is known that the novice, when appearing before the tribunal, was completely naked and kept before a storm of lightning and wind. The oath of allegiance was of typical Teutonic length of sloop and contained enough double-negatives to make parts of it completely ambiguous but its main purpose was to swear complete allegiance to the Holy Vhem and Emperor (in that order) and agree to submit to the strict punishments in the event of breaking the oath.

The emperor, with which the German people strove to align any form of arbitrary rule allowed the Holy Vhem to prosper in Westphalia and rapidly spread to other states in the Germanic countries. In 1618, we find the Duke John of Cöle embracing the Vhem-Law and calling upon all on those above the age of 12 to appear on a heath and sit on the ground. The Duke, with his councillors and knights, set themselves before tables and benches of those in the assembly were reported.

The bullies, armed with white wands, then went round the assembled people and touched accused persons with the wands. Anybody who knew he was guilty of offending the Vhem was allowed to stand up and was given a full day and night to leave the country but those who were touched by the bullies were virtually hanged on the spot. His head was placed on a pole to discourage others who had thoughts of straying from the straight and narrow while the rest of his body was left to the mercuries of the birds and wild beasts. His goods and estate were confiscated and the wretched man viciously gaoled to land as best they could.

Anybody who did not appear at the meeting and was held to be guilty became an outlaw who was to be hanged immediately on discovery.

The summary and brutal procedure was not necessarily typical. In some provinces

of Germany, a form of trial was held in which the accused was obliged to grasp a piece of red-hot iron in his hand and walk nine paces with it. If his hand showed no signs of burns, he was declared innocent. In the gloomy halls of Baden, it is said, the trials of the Vhem were much more theatrical. The court-room was in an underground location into which the accused was lowered by a basket on the end of a rope while he had no idea of how to reach the dungeons by orthodox methods.

To reach the court-room, the accused was led through a number of other chambers including torture chambers. The court-room itself was an imposing chamber in the form of a square, whose walls were draped with black and below one of them was an altar and crucifix. The Chief Judge sat below this altar while the other members of court occupied benches running alongside the facing walls.

The accused man might be allowed legal aid depending on the whim of the court but it was generally accepted that the chances of having a Vhem-court unsatisfied were remote. Capital crimes usually involved hanging or decapitation or, as we shall see—the ultimate punishment of "kissing the Iron Maiden". Less serious offences merited a brutal flogging or torture from shamebrutes, branding, amputating a hand or foot and perhaps blinding. It can be said in favor of the courts of the Holy Vhem that the prolonged and fearful tortures of the witch-hunters were not indulged in but the sadistic notion of knowing the Iron Maiden hated at the dark thoughts flickering in the minds of the judges.

The Iron Maiden appeared in a number of forms but they were all basically similar. The Maiden consisted of the coffin of a woman with more than a suggestion of a waist about her. The front of the machine was hinged and there was just room to put a male inside the box exposed when the door was opened. On the inside of the front of the Maiden were a number of spikes and sometimes, metal bolts all of which could be adjusted or removed to suit individual requirements.

Spikes at the top of the door were

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A NEW MUSICAL

Back the
SHIPPER

arranged to pierce the victim's eyes when the door was closed and other spikes could pierce other parts of his body. The metal bolts could crash knee-points, hip-joints or merely break right bones in the body. These spikes and bolts were carefully adjusted to suit injured without killing—the spikes that penetrated the eyes would be carefully checked against the victim's head to ensure they protruded but could not without penetrating so deeply as to crush the brain and put a quick end to his sufferings.

When all the hidden measurements and adjustments had been made, the executioner slowly allowed the door of the Iron Maiden to close. The door, made of cast-iron, was heavy and set on casted hinges so that it closed of its own accord and, by controlling the rate of closing with a small cord, the executioner could prolong the time it took for the Iron Maiden to deliver her lethal "kiss" and so cause the maximum suffering.

But the matter did not end with the door closing. After a pause of a few minutes, the door was opened again and the shamed body of the victim could be examined to be sure the kiss had been correctly delivered. A trapdoor under the bow of the Maiden then opened and the wretch inside her, now blinded and horribly mangled, fell into what must have been the most dreadful machine ever conceived by man.

There was a set of rollers located with small, sharp, cutting blades under the floor of the Maiden. These rollers were adjustable and set far enough apart to confer a gap not quite wide enough to admit the body of the victim. A source of power, the rollers spin at a high speed and, as the victim's body slipped between them, the blades opened the flesh from his bones. And the next stage was to fall between a second set of rollers even closer together which slashed more flesh from the still-living body.

A third set more or less cut the offender to shreds and, sometimes, there would be a fourth and final set which chopped the body into pieces. The dreadful remains fell into an underground stream and all traces of the wrong-doer vanished completely and silently.

The courts of the Holy Vhem were never officially abolished by any government or ruler. They were sometimes reformed and some of the more faithful punishments abolished or diluted but it is said that they still flourish, in secret, in the 19th century. Even up to our own times, the last stand of the Nazi Party in 1945 when the Weimar organization designed to slow down the Allied march through Germany in the West and ignite the Russians in the East, dedicated itself to the traditions of the Christines and Holy Vhem.

Who knows? Perhaps the Vhem still lurks underground in East Germany to harrow the Russian-enslaved government of that state.

FUTURE ISSUES- WORLD OF HORROR



AN
AFFECTIONATE
LOOK AT THE
FILMS OF 1958

Belin Lugosi

CREeping
FICTION: "THE
DAY FATHER
BROUGHT
SOMETHING
HOME"

Horror Movie Posters

PLUS

More Monster Madness

The Legend Of The 7 Golden Vampires



A Hammer/Shaw Production due for general release in September 1974. The film stars Peter Cushing as his usual self, Professor Van Helsing, and introduces a new Dracula to the screen, John Forbes Robertson.



THE YEAR is 1880. The place, Imperial China. Professor Lawrence Van Helsing (Peter Cushing) is in the city of Cunglung to lecture to the University Chinese Professors about the old Chinese legend of the 7 Golden Vampires. The lecture is received with scepticism — in the auditorium sits Hsi-Chung (David Cheng) who has listened to every word spoken.

Van Helsing returns to the British Consulate where his son, Leyland Van Helsing (Robin Stewart) and Vanessa Buren (Julie Ege) a young widow are also staying.



They are joined by the Consul, his wife and other Chinese dignitaries, one of whom stands out. This is General Yang Shih-Fen an evil but influential man. His attentions turn to Vanessa and he tries to force her to leave with him. Leyland Van Helsing comes to her aid and escorts her home. In a dark alley they are attacked by the General's guards. After a fierce battle they are saved by Hsi-Chung and his aides Hsi-Suei and Hsi-Tai.

Professor Van Helsing is approached by Hsi-Chung and persuaded to go with him to his village of Ping Kuei to see the vampire legend himself. Van Helsing agrees to go.

The next morning Van Helsing, Leyland and Vanessa leave, but before long they are confronted by a dozen of the General's guards. A battle ensues with Hsi-Chung and his men aided by Hsi-Suei and Hsi-San, the well-recorded General Yang is killed, his guards defeated and the party continues.





Van Helsing and his guests are introduced by Hui-Cheng to his brothers, all experts at the martial arts, and to his elder Miao Kuo (Shih Szu). They march toward the village of Ping Kuan. Before nightfall they camp in a large cave. With the brothers guarding they settle down for the night. Suddenly the stillness is broken by deadly vampire bats swooping from the ceiling. Outside zombies have appeared armed with ancient weapons. The bats abruptly are then transformed into terrifying figures of vampire attacking defense. A devastating light onslaught. The light over, and the army of zombies vanquished, the brothers take stock of the wounded. Three vampires have been killed — each pierced through the heart.

The next afternoon Van Helsing and the party arrive at Ping Kuan. They prepare for the next attack.

It is the Seventh Night of the Seventh Moon and in the temple the three remaining vampires lie in their alcoves. A distant roll of thunder heralds the vampire's rising. Each holding a golden sword in their hands they mount black horses. Behind them are the zombies.

The crashing sound of a giant gong is heard — a great crash of thunder echoes and the horses break into a gallop. The final battle of good and evil commences.

A vampire sees Vanessa and strikes its fangs into her throat. Cheng cradles her unconscious body. In his arms unaware of the mark on her neck. Her eyes open and her mouth parts to bare two vampire fangs. She drags her head down to her seeth. Locked in a tight embrace they fell onto a shagreened mat.

Another vampire is slaughtered, and

the remaining one drags Miao Kuo to the temple. Mounting a horse Leyland charges to her rescue. They engage in a desperate fight and Van Helsing plunges a spear deep into the creature's back. The vampire topples into a stone cauldron as a great blast of wind sweeps into the temple to die down as quietly as it came.



Continued from page 28

"Only Black One up above. Accept this offering with our love. But come not down, stay up there, And we'll remain just where we were."

There was a terrible silence, and Liene knew, even if he did not understand, that some very important decision would be reached during the next minute. Downstairs someone began to cry, then Uncle Arthur wept, both sounds were from when a crack made the brothers tremble, followed at once by a wail dragging, a taking-up, but Liene knew it was Grandfather being pulled into the air, for the sound continued on over his ceiling. A door slammed, and the family sent their sigh of relief shoving up the stairs.

They all dispersed silently afterwards, save for Aunt Matilda and Mother, Liene had only just screwed the lock back into place when he heard them coming up the stairs, he got into bed and turned over on to one side, shading his eyes tight when the key turned.

"Is he still asleep?" Aunt Matilda's whisper was a muted shout "Is he still under?"

"Yes," Mother was leaning over him, "the black draught will keep him still as a week old corpse till daylight."

"When will you tell him?"

"Not until he's fourteen!" Mother whispered up, "I think he'll have a real bear for a child."

"Sure, it's a natural," Aunt Matilda chuckled, "them green eyes. And the way his ears part. He'll be lording it over his own B. before you know it."

Mother shut the door when she felt he did not look it, and Liene lay awake and listened. There was much movement in the attic above soft thuds with an occasional thump, and once a loud bang as though something heavy had been dropped on the floor. Two hours or more had passed before he decided it was safe to climb out of bed and approach the door. The black candle had been relit and its flickering

flame fought the withering shadows in a long battle. Aunt Matilda, who must be sharing Mother's bed, sat out murmuring noons, and even Mother confirmed her state of unconsciousness by a spasmodic snore.

Liene took up the black candle and slowly inspected the stairs. He was not afraid, only teased by excitement, as lost he would know why he must not, or rather, should not, "go up them stairs!" The top landing was lintoned with cobwebs, the floor carpeted by dust in which lay the imprint of Grandfather's form, plus a long path along which the corpse had been dragged to the black-painted door. Liene put his candle down, and pressed his ear to the keyhole.

Something was murching, there was a sharp crack followed by a sacking sound, then a soft ripping like thick felt being torn. Liene peered through the keyhole, but it was pitch black inside, and he could not see a thing.

He did not mean to open the door, for convenience told him such an action would be asking for trouble, but he could not help himself. His hand crept up to the handle of its own accord, the muscles in his wrist hardened, and then, before his brain had time to flash out a panic-inspired order, the handle turned and the door did open. The candlelight attacked the inner darkness, and was at once repelled. A graveyard smell came to him, with it memory of things which heaved in old and forgotten topsy-turvy life that is born of death corruption and must never see the light of day. He retreated a few steps, and the candlelight, grateful for this small retreat, came with him. A soft pudding thumping was approaching from the inner darkness, and a deep shadow shape turned to a dirty white. It was lean and tall, clad in a long gown made from splattered linen channels, the face was green-white and shone with a soft luminous light; the eyes were white, pupilless pools, and it had no nose — only two holes. It shuffled out on to the landing, right into the circle of yellow light, and reaching out a skeleton hand, opened its black-toothed mouth.

"Glug — glug"

Liene dropped his candle and ran, slipped down a few stairs, fell down the rest, and a bellowed, "Wassu!" followed by a creaking of bed springs told him Aunt Matilda was awake. He looked upwards.

The "Barg" was holding the tall lighted candle and staring down at him over the banisters, the mouth was open, expressing what could well be a grimace of pleasure. Whatever it stood for a voice also suggested unholy satisfaction.

"Glug — glug —"
"Satan's knee bristles!"
Aunt Matilda gripped his shoulder, then dragged him into Mother's bedroom.

The two women stared at him with fever-wrenched rage.

"You've been up there!"
Liene nodded.

"He's seen young flesh," stated Mother.

"Living flesh," added Aunt Matilda.

"With warm blood in it," Mother nodded.

"Tender meat!"

"No gristle!"

"A succulent morsel," Aunt Matilda licked her lips, "uncoached by underaker, Jones, such as it's been looking for these past three hundred years."

"Satan preserve us," Mother made an X sign, and the aunt quickly mimed her, "what shall we do?"

"And I'm over," replied Aunt Matilda without hesitation. "Now he's seen, he'll want."

"But — I can't," Mother clutched Liene to her ample bosom. "I can't give him my son!"

"Do you want him down here?" The woman's vast fat face was pitiless. "Do you want him loose?"

"No," Mother's eye flickered. "No, that don't bear thinking about, but Liene's no son, Matilda. Remember that, he's no son."

"He'll be a sacrifice," agreed Aunt Matilda. "There's no denying, he'll be a sacrifice." She frown and issued a hard "What's that?" Harsh, damn ye, harsh."

The three figures became as statues, they looked at each other, mostly pleading for confirmation that the silence was absolute. But a starboard creaked, a banister squeaked, then for a few moments there was nothing, a pause before the rack work turned another notch. Something bumped or rattled, then a short creaking cough, followed by a spluttering spig, another stage protested — there was no doubt now, whatever lived in the attic was coming down.

"What is it?" Even now Liene could not renege his craving for knowledge.

"A Ghoul," snarped Aunt Matilda.

"What did you suppose it was?"

"A King Ghoul!" Mother corrected.

"You remember, Matilda, Grandfather always said it was a King Ghoul."

"Hark!" Aunt Matilda glared her terror.

"It's trying to get in. Come on, we've got to barricade the door."

Liene watched the women miscalculate the wardrobe into position, and tried not to see the door handle slowly turn, but he could hardly argue the spluttering roar that proclaimed the Ghoul's rage when he found the entrance barred. Mother and Aunt could do no more than make the X sign and mutter completely futile incantations while the wardrobe was trembling in awful alarming fashion. Liene could see only one other exit from

Continued on page 41



THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

I am not a critic, have never claimed to be, and probably never will be, but I can say what I like and dislike. As editor of *World of Horror*, and not wholly unexperienced in the horror field, I must say, the viewing of *Rocky Horror Show*, was an enjoyable experience, even though I saw *Mary Shelley* (The original creator of Frankenstein's monster) has done a few turns in her grave, over the treatment her man made monster has received in this interpretation of the most famous of all, scream scene plays.

The musical is playing to packed houses, and I feel certain it will continue to do so, for many months to come. It is a pleasant change from the flickering screen of the cinema to see horror live, even though it is satirical.

I will leave the critical reporting to the so called experts and below you will find the coverage given to the play by *The Guardian* and *New York Times*.



“

"It is a mixture of a rock show and horror movie. Two young innocents are enraptured by Frank-N-Furter, a mad transsexual from outer space, who has created a horrifically manner, Rocky Horror, who looks as though he has just stepped from the centrifuge of Playboy."

"It is a cheerfully derivative show, with happy music and a few juicy dirty jokes."

NEW YORK TIMES

”



“

"Horror horror horror show on stage, has banished celluloid, and a drag queen of punishment has them rolling in the aisles."

"Rock music and lyrics for this remarkably fancy show are all by Richard O'Brien."

"RIP! Rip! ... the deformed survivor in Frank-N-Furter's sex palace (he's obviously revealed in the mind) behind the progression, the drag queen machine ... he is brilliantly supported by his team of weirdies, helms Frank's weary zuch that you can be so difficult ... Frank himself, a transsexual transsexual from Transylvanian performs in every possible scene with huge relish and gleaming abandon, ably assisted by his lesbian aide-de-camp, Columbia. (There is) a leather clad Eddie, a reject pop idol from Frank's laboratory ... an enthusiastic Charles Atlas, the Rocky of the role, Brad Majors (and former James Weiss and Margot) the ashtray (in) complete the scene of various jungs, among others. The director was Jim Sharman."

THE GUARDIAN

”



The boogie man will get you if you don't SUBSCRIBE to

WORLD OF

HORROR

Fantasy, Features
and photos of
the Macabre



Continued from page 35

the bedroom, and he decided to see if Aunt Matilda glanced over one shoulder.

"Here, Maad, the little penitler is getting out of the window." The boy was tough, well rooted into the mortar, and Lancel had used this natural ladder before. Once on the ground he looked and decided Aunt Matilda was foolishly to attempt the same feat. She was not built for it, but with the shifting wardrobe and the appearance of a mouse on the road to freedom, the only had not much alternative. The boy paraded company with the wall, and Aunt Matilda came down with a sickening thud. She lay quite still, but possibly she was not dead, only Mother settled the matter beyond dispute by climbing out on to the window sill and jumping down on to Aunt Matilda's back. Lancel distinctly heard the spine snap, and wondered why of Aunt's head would wobble should it be possible for her to stand up.

"See what you've done now," Mother complained, clambering to her feet. "Look at poor Matilda! She bent down and took and unresponsive shoulder. 'You all right, Matilda?'" Aunt Matilda did not, indeed could not, answer, but a voice from the bedroom window did its best.

"Glas - glas -"

The Ghost was leaning out of the window, its green luminous face gleamed like an overripe melon. Mother grabbed lateral by the nape of the neck and pushed him forward, while at the same time doing her best to lift him upwards, but the Ghost was looking down at Aunt Matilda's immense sprawling figure. He poured with one chuck a white flag.

"Glas - glas."

"Oh!" Mother relaxed her grip and Lancel twisted like an eel to break free. "Yes, of course. Never thought of that!" She looked up at the Ghost who was drooping with anticipation. "You get up them stairs and stay there, and we'll let you have her when it's right and respectable."

"Glas," the Ghost poured again.

"Don't be so greedy," Mother admonished. "Go off as though you haven't anything to go on with I mean to say, normally you would have had to wait a very long time for Matilda."

The marble eyes moved slowly, then stopped when Lancel came within their vision, but Mother was fearless now she had, so to speak, a generous amount of attention to hand.

"No you don't. You've had me (father, and you'll have me, but you'll have to wait for me son. So get back up them stairs or I'll throw a crooked cross at yer."

This threat seemed to disturb the Ghost for a jerked back from the window sill, and roared like a wolf.

"A crooked cross," Mother repeated. "Now up with yer."

The Ghost withdrew, but with reluctance, for the luminous face peeped round the window frame twice, and the white eyes glared down at Lancel, while a black tongue flicked grey lips.

"Crooked crosses." Scars of Mother's new-found confidence were seeping away, and her voice squeaked.

The Ghost went, they could hear his feet sloshing up the stairs, then the attic door slammed, and Mother gave a vast sigh of relief.

"That was a neat thing, and it was all your fault. Look what's happened to poor Matilda, and she not ready to take the step path. Thank your dark stars she fell out of that window all the same. There's enough to keep the Old One busy for a long time, to say nothing of that remains of poor Grandfather."

"What a crooked cross!" asked Lancel.

"A cross that's crooked," Mother explained, "E don't like 'em," she shuddered, "neither do I. But they's poison to a Ghost."

"Now," she squared her shoulders, "you must pound and kick Uncle Arthur."

"Where does he live?"

"I'm going to tell you, ain't I? Go down through the village and you reach the arena, roads where yer Great-Aunt Budge is buried, you'll see a sign post which says, TO DEVIL'S WOOD. Follow the footpath if you come to DEAD MAN'S bridge, cross, and two hundred paces further on you'll find HANGMAN'S CORNER. Turn left, and yer Uncle's



cottage is on the right. Got that?"

Lancel nodded.

"Right! Tell Arthur what's happened, and say he's to get here pronto. Off you go, and look out for 'n cat! Don't get familiar with a."

Lancel felt the rough the village, and the full moon watched him run. He walked through Devil's Wood and felt strangely at home in the eerie gloom, Dead Man's Bridge was a narrow wooden structure that creaked when he crossed it, and Hangman's Corner was marked by the ruins of an old gibbet.

Uncle Arthur's cottage was almost hidden under a dark canopy of large trees, and as Lancel pushed open the door he saw an enormous black cat crouched from the shadows, and after writhing on back, spat at him.

"Crooked crosses," Lancel experienced.

The cat sat again, then turned and was off, a black streak that was soon lost in the dark darkness. Lancel went up the garden path and tapped on the weather-beaten door. The door flew open and Uncle Arthur faced him, a bulky figure outlined against the dim candlelight that illuminated the room beyond. Lancel tried to see what was in the room, but Uncle Arthur kept holding aloof, so he was left with the impression of tooth in bottles and a heap of old bones.

"Must be trouble," Uncle Arthur commented, "otherwise Maad would never have sent you."

"The Ghost came downstairs," Lancel thought it wise to be brief, "Aunt Matilda fell out of the window, she's dead, Mother said there's poison."

"Satan!" Uncle Arthur took a deep breath. "Let's go going." He peered into the darkness. "Lucifer!"

The black cat appeared and glared at Lancel. Uncle Arthur slammed his front door.

"Curse load, curse deep. All those who try to peep."

The cat swore and took up a position on the doorstep. Uncle Arthur swept Lancel up into his arms, and after muttering some words that they boy was unable to hear, jumped forward. A strenuous journey was accomplished in so time. All Uncle Arthur may have run, but more likely he flew. Hangman's Corner was gone in a flash. Dead Man's Bridge did not creak when they passed over, Devil's Wood was a blur of startled trees, the village was barely reached before it was left behind, and there was Mother standing by Aunt Matilda's recumbent form.

"What kept yer?" the cat asked.

"Out of practice," Uncle Arthur was under a little breathless. "Let's get her inside. Can't afford to waste time now the

Continued on page 36

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"Darling — I can't get
your bra undone."

"You
rang!"

MONSTER MADNESS



"Darling — I can't get
your bra undone."



"You
rang!"

MONSTER MADNESS



"Just wait until dark —
The Blackpool
illuminations are really
great."



"Just wait until dark —
The Blackpool
illuminations are really
great."

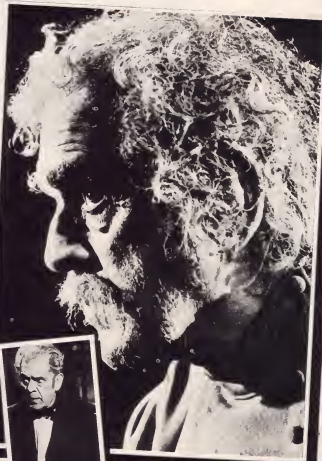


Slow-slow-
quick-quick-slow
"That's right... you'll
soon get the hang of it."



"Creeweek" (simulated creaking door in haunted house opening) Editor sticks his head through and says "Hey ... let's give you a chance to put your own diabolical dialogue in the mouth of one of far out fiends. Grab a pen and do your thing ... and send them to us

We'll print the best three in next month's issue and the best two will receive a year's subscription to "World of Horror" ... Creeweek (door closing).



BLACK SABBATH INSERT CORRIDORS OF BLOOD

THE KING OF HORROR

BORIS KARLOFF

EVEN five years after his death, Boris Karloff's status, as the most admired interpreter of macabre roles in talking pictures, remains unchallenged. In his long career, he appeared in over 100 films, never failing, even in grossly inferior vehicles, to invest his characters, however unlikely or loathsome they might be, with enormous dignity and humanity. He is remembered with respect, and greatly missed.

In this brief space, we'll attempt a concise history of this unique actor's career, as many readers may still be unfamiliar with the extent of his accomplishments.

He was born William Henry Pratt, on the 23rd of November, 1887, in Dulwich, London the youngest of nine children in a family of civil servants. At King's College, he was expected to study for the consular service in China, but lacking enthusiasm for such a career, he emigrated to Canada in 1909, settling in Vancouver for a time.



TALES OF TERROR

BLACK CAT



THE APE (1948)





LEFT BRIDE OF
FRANKENSTEIN

THE RAVEN



His stage debut came later that year, with the Ray Brandon players in Kamloops, B.C. He drifted south, eventually settling in Hollywood, where he played a string of surly French-Canadian trappers and Indians, thus establishing himself as a reliable, minor, "heavy." By 1926, he had appeared in a major film, "The Belts", and made his first sound film in 1929, working with Lionel Barrymore in "The Unholy Night".

He recanted a stage success, playing a gangster in "The Criminal Code" for Howard Hawks, in 1930. While engaged in this project, he attracted the attention of James Whale, who was to direct the adaptation of Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein", which would establish Karloff as a major film artist for his moving portrayal of the pitiful and dangerous monster.

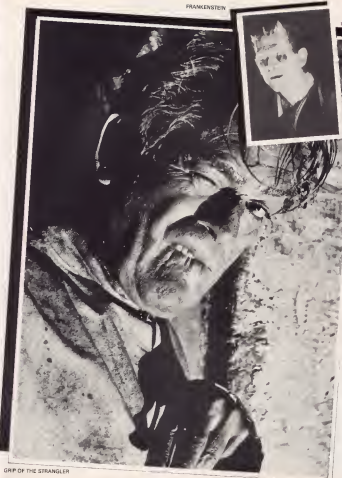
"Karloff's face fascinated me," Whale was to recall. "I made drawings of his head, adding sharp, bony ridges where I imagined the skull might have joined. His physique was weaker than I could wish, but that queer, penetrating personality of his, I felt, was more important than his shape, which could easily be altered."

As indeed it was, Karloff collaborating with Makeup artist Jack Pierce and Whale to create the physiognomy of what was to become one of the most lastingly fascinating of all screen characters.

He was to play the creature again in the two erotically soaked sequels, "Bride of Frankenstein" and "Son of Frankenstein", before giving up the role

Continued on page 63

FRANKENSTEIN



GRIP OF THE STRANGLER



Dear Readers,

We thought you'd enjoy a look at these familiar stills from a familiar masterpiece of fantastic cinema that never seems to lose its excitement or kinky charm, even after many viewings.

Indeed, the technical accomplishment of Willis O'Brien's animation has yet to be equalled. O'Brien's pupil, Ray Harryhausen, while a brilliant artist, has not yet had the chance to use his skills in a film of "Kong's" universal and "lasting appeal." So great, in fact, has been the influence of "King Kong" that it is recognized by the National Film Theatre as one of the dozen greatest films ever made.

To accompany our fearsome photographic spread, here are some old-time kernels of information for you legion of film trivia buffs.

"King Kong" had its premiere at the world's two largest theatres, the Roxy and the Radio City Music Hall in New York, running at both simultaneously, ten shows a day, to inspire





—When first released to television, in the 50s, WOR-TV's edited version, on "Million Dollar Movie," ran sixteen times in one week, drawing more viewers than the other network's Ed Sullivan, Bishop Shivers and Groucho Marx programmes, all immensely popular at the time —

special delight in working on Kong's battles with the various reptilian denizens of Skull Island. Look closely next time, and see Kong "square off" for his tussle with the Tychonotaurus Rex.
—The models of Kong and the other fantastic

Here are Kong's official measurements and statistics, from which over twenty-seven models were made, in varying sizes, but exactly to scale.

HEIGHT: 50 ft.
ARMS: 23 ft.
LEGS: 15 ft.
REACH: 75 ft.
CHEST: 60 ft., unexpanded.
FACE: 7 ft., hairline to chin.
NOSE: 2 ft.
LIPS: 6 ft., corner to corner.
EYES: 10 inches long.
EARS: 1 ft. long.
EYETEETH: 10 in. high, 7 in. at base.
MOLARS: 14 in. round, 4 in. high.

Kong's tragedy is still being screened every day, in a cinema somewhere in the world.

—Animator Willis O'Brien was a devoted boxing fan, and took a

creatures in the film had to be separately photographed each time their position was changed a sixteenth of an inch. The unmetachief of Kong's fur continually ruffling in patches, was



actually accidental, caused by the pressure of the animators' fingers as they grooved the models.

—The "voices" of Kong and his fellow Skull Islanders were produced by some very curious contrivances. For Kong himself, actual tapes of gorilla cries and chattering were recorded backwards and slowed down in speed. Chest-thumping was imitated by a specially built sound box, 25 ft. square.

Other monsters uttered roared lion, leopard, and cougar growls, while the "aristocrat" became vocal courtesy of a column of air blown through the root-burner pipe of an old organ. Dedicated Murray Spivak of RKO's sound department fashioned over forty noise-making instruments altogether.

—Kong's leading lady, Fay Wray, had worked for producer Menan C. Cooper on "The Hounds of Zorah",

where her unique screaming voice and platinum prettiness inspired him to cast her in the film that was to insure her a place in cinema history.

"Mr. Cooper said to me that he had an idea for a film in mind," Miss Wray recalled. "The only thing he'd tell me was that I was going to have the tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood. Naturally, I thought of Clark Gable."
—Several scenes, thought

too strong for the 1933 public to endure, have remained unseen in the U.K. one censored bit depicted giant tarantula-type nasties dailing on those unfortunate members of "Skipper Engleborn's" crew, who were shaken off that chomping tree trunk by a disgruntled Kong. Another showed Kong, in his search for Miss Wray in a New York Hotel, reaching in the wrong window, extracting the wrong squealing lady, and, discovering his faux pas, dashing the inadequate daimel to the pavement several stories below, to her great inconvenience, and the fury of the censors. Yet another lost moment showed Kong inspecting his latest "bride" and assuming himself by peeling off her unfamiliar Western attire, and sniffing at it with naive enthusiasm.

Well, that's about all the tidbits we have room for this time. Keep watching "World of Horror" for further features on "King Kong" and the other greats of the phantasy/sci-fi genre. Eventually we hope to cover everyone's favorites.





Continued from page 41

Old One has remembered the way downstairs."

Mother nodded again, then together they hurried into Aunt Matilda's room, and laid her out on the front room table.

"She's going to take a bit of getting uppers," Uncle Arthur observed.

"But it'll be worth the effort," Mother eyed her forehead as Aunt Matilda's skirt. "The Old One will sleep for years after her."

"I daresay," Uncle Arthur shook his head doubtfully. "It's less young meat."

"Serve her right," she glared at Lancel, "if he hadn't gotten up them worms, Melville would still be brewing her black stout with the worms."

Next day Grandfather's black-filled coffin was interred in the village graveyard, although popular opinion maintained the cross roads was the right and proper place, and that evening the undertaker put Matilda in the narrow box. Uncle Arthur went round to the builder's yard for another burrow-load of bricks, while Lancel pondered on the problem of crooked crosses. He decided to question Uncle Arthur.

"It's like this, young 'un," he sat down on the wheatsheaf handle, "when you've been situated a cross of any kind is bad medicine, but a crooked cross is fatal. If I put you out, I goos all squarer in me stomach."

"What's not?" "Irritated! That's when you takes an oath of allegiance to Old Nick. A Ghoul of course is worse off than a wicket. I mean to say, he'll lie down under, and a crooked cross would liquify him. That's why the Old One is in your Mother's attic. Years and years ago he used to haunt the churchyard, but people got wise and began putting crooked crosses on their tombstones. But in an inhabited house, he's as safe as if he was in the dark place itself. Got me?"

That night Lancel sat on the side of his bed, but thought the matter out.

"I'm not irritated," he said aloud. He finally made a crooked cross out of a bent bed spring.

The Ghoul appeared had been quiet for the past two days, having an after-dinner

nap, Lancel supposed. Mother, worn out by the need to keep an eye on Lancel, and still blissfully unaware of the uses a pesthouse can be put to, was tracing the crept downstairs, clutching his crooked cross in one hand.

A black candle, large enough to last the entire night, burnt by Aunt Matilda's coffin. She looked far from peaceful, for her teeth were bared, and this guise gave Lancel the idea he needed. But the teeth were tightly clenched, and his penknives had to be inserted to force them apart so that the little crooked cross could be pushed in over the stiffened tongue. Once open the mouth was reluctant to close again, and Lancel had to uproot Aunt Matilda with his small fist before he could safely retire to bed. It was offering eight again. Uncle Arthur brought along his burrow-load of bricks, Aunt Matilda was lifted out of her coffin (no more tank), and the family danced and sang.

"Old One, Old One, here we come, Bringing powder for your gun,
For Maundy, plums and white, Suckles, fender, the kind you like

Sap well, eat your fill,
There plenty here, and no bill,
Rumty, rorum, liver, rights,
Kudrery, dreams, and answered
tripes."

All this advertising had brought the Ghoul into active, fee-stomping life. The onling shock, the lamp trembled, and Lancel could scarce control his gaze when he joyfully anticipated what was to come. It took a lot of effort to bring Aunt Matilda up the stairs, and there was certainly no breath left for further singing. They had to a brief rest on the landing outside Lancel's door, and Uncle Arthur could be heard swearing.

"He's very active up there," he said after a while.

"It's always a bit frisky before meat," another uncle suggested.

"You don't suppose," Mother hesitated, "he'll come on before we come down?"

"Course he won't," Uncle Arthur replied, without hesitation, much conviction, "I mean, he never has."

The journey upwards continued. Lancel heard the shuffling footsteps move over the ceiling to the attic door. Aunt Matilda was dumped on to the upper landing, then there was a mad scramble as the family poured down the stairs, each safety in the hall, they huddled together and chanted the final duple.

"Old One, Black One, listen please,
From our fears, you must give us ease.

Come not down, say up above,
And we'll all give a hearty cheer."

The attic door opened, and Aunt Matilda was dragged across the floor

When the door slammed the cheer was not very hearty, little more than an overgrown sigh, then the family retired to the front room for some well-deserved celebrating, while Lancel sat on his bed to listen.

There was much sitting and bumping, as though a vast collection of bones were being chased to one side. Then came some soft bumps, a few flops, a meat flap, and one mighty crash, then a series of smacking sounds. Lancel gasped, and said aloud, "You wait — you just wait."

He waited for a long time. Downstairs Uncle Arthur was singing an obscene song and the rest of the family seemed to be dancing. Then the Ghoul grunted, an enquiring, almost disbelieving growl that must have been heard in the front room, for Uncle Arthur was stopped on a high note, and the dancing ceased.

The scream began as a whistle like an overhauled whistling kettle, it grew in volume, became an ear-splitting shriek, rose up to a howling roar, then reached full maturity as a roof-raising, ringing scream. The air shook, there was a mighty crashing, thrashing, a terrifying booming, as though countless very large lead balls were being tossed about. Then a shuddering crack smacked across the ceiling, a bang of plaster fell down on to the dining table, another crack appeared, then another. Lancel crouched down by his bed, and as an afterthought, crawled under it. The room turned plaster, something crashed down on to the bedside rug, and Lancel stared into the empty eye sockets of a bleached skull, a couple of thigh bones followed, then a gleaming shoulder blade, something soft and floppy flapped on to the bed, and Lancel decided not to think about it.

The screen tank, became a gurgle, then a hiss — then ceased. A few more bones fell, another bank of plaster, but at last there was peace — in an absence of sound before the murmur of frightened voices came up from the room below. Lancel looked upwards and crouched with joy. The Ghoul's head was hanging down through the jagged hole in the ceiling. The green face was no longer luminous, just nasty, crawling slightly, and seemed an imminent danger of parting company from whatever was left of its main body.

"Got yet," said Lancel.

The family crowded into the room, they looked upwards, they looked down, then they looked at Lancel. Mother put the disconcerted thought into words.

"How did you do it, Son?"

Lancel was brief, action, after all, spoke louder than words.

"Crooked cross," he said.

"Little monster," and one aunt.

"A horned toad," agreed Uncle Arthur, "What," enquired Mother, "will be it when he grows up?"

Suddenly Lancel pointed to the head dangling from the ceiling.

FANTASTIC PRIZES

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Family Tree... hey... keep your eyes peeled for World of Horror's collection items. We are working on the Frankenstein Family Tree, and when complete it will be a treasure well worth keeping.

"THE CLOWN THAT CRIED BLOOD"

GEORGIANALEE

I DON'T know why I should suddenly drag out my old typewriter. It seems like a million years as I haven't touched it for over two years, and I know deep inside that the story I am now writing, is being written, too late, however it does comfort me to some extent. . . . not at all, when I lived with him and was still at school.

I was pretty good at that time. I used to write quicky little stories and the teachers would tell me how promising I was, and I'd sit at this typewriter, at the place we lived in, and he'd sit on the other side of the room painting his clown.

I suppose I should have seen a shrink long ago, certainly in the past month, that is if I'd had any time. Once this stuff really started taking over, it was too hard to sort myself out of it, to either look for, or want, help.

On the surface I must appear to be normal, even now. . . . I've had no close friends since university days and luckily my parents left sufficient money for me so it was possible to avoid the outside working world, and remain in the comfort of my close dealings with my one for quite some time. I have paid the landlord, gone to the shops, made my greetings to the neighbours, in a shy fashion and in general have conducted myself as if I was normal, just a rather ordinary, unassuming, everyday face, in the crowd. Nobody knows me, nobody looks at me, and nobody notices the difference in my dull, pudgy "normal" face. Nobody would guess about the clown stuff in a million years.

As I've said, I thought I was pretty good at one time, even intellectual, and all that I used to read him up about his clown features, saying it was kinder and vaguer. Especially vague, to waste his talents on a subject like that, and only genres who furnished their homes via the Woolworth estate were ever going to pay my attention to his clown painting.

I should have been closer to him. If I had maybe he would have stayed. . . . of course with my family history, I might well have gone off at any age, but maybe, just maybe, if I hadn't been so alone, I might have pulled through, instead of ending up like this worse than alone.

"My attitude is worse than alone, but people will tell me that."

Amazing how I can remember bits of stories like that, from the days when I could still read. Perhaps something of yourself sticks with you right to the end, no matter

how confused things get, or what you've done. I wish I could believe that.

The clown's story started coming for a while after he'd gone. He left a lot of rubbish behind him, as might be expected. (He had always been a bit of a slob.) I threw it all out with very little trouble, a few minutes over an old shirt that still smelt like him, and his old old National Health glasses, that he used to wear before he had money enough for trendy ears, but no real problems, except for that one clown face. I couldn't figure out, at the time, why he'd left that, when he'd cleared out every scrap of his work, sketches, the lot; not even a bit of charcoal lying about, just that one clown.

Actually, although I'd been turned off by the whole clown bit, I'd always thought that particular painting the best of the lot. It had an intriguing air of mysterious about it, in contrast to the expected supposed-to-be experience of the others. He'd known it was my favourite, and I got the notion that maybe his leaving it meant he still liked me a little, and some day, if I put him back in the clown thing, he'd be back. Dopey, but fairly typical end-of-the-affair reasoning, I suppose. . . . I hung it in a darkish corner of the room, so that I wouldn't have to look at it too often, but it was there, if he did happen to walk in, and that was that.

I'd left school, but I was still writing, selling things here and there, and modeling along. I was in a lot of pain, though, and it didn't take long for friends to stop dropping around, so I was pretty dull company. Not that I talked about his much, it might have been closer to me, if I had, but I felt it would be a weakness to write to others. . . . They would have been behaving like my mother did before they put her away, wandering about and crying, saying this one was being owed to her, and that one didn't understand, and that the media was making fun of her. I was never taken to visit her in hospital, I imagine because the goss were all the time, although there was no point in making the other move anything. I gradually came to regard her as dead, and eventually she was. I'd grown up very determined, that nobody would ever see me as I'd seen her so many times, all pale and drained-mess-looking, and whining. And nobody ever has.

Unfortunately, although I kept my feelings to myself, I really lost the knack of making conversation, being as there was

nothing in my head but him, and I couldn't talk about that. I didn't talk much about anything, just nodded and made appropriate stings to whatever other people were saying. Soon they stopped coming and I didn't have to worry about being boring any more.

I started to have trouble with my stories, then. All those witty little light-hearted things I used to produce by the truckload, when I thought I was going to be the next J.R. Murdock, just seemed so false and useless. After a while, I didn't bother any more. I didn't have to bring money in to survive, so I just stopped.

I did get very lonely, but I couldn't bring myself to go looking people up. That would have been begging for their help, as I'd sworn never to do. There were books to read, the telly, radio and films, to give me the illusion of company, at first, and I thought perhaps it was just an ordinary boring thing; in a few months, I'd be writing again, make some new friends, maybe even find someone to replace him. I started talking to the painting about straight off, even though I'd made it out of the way, it really was a compelling picture, and I found myself relating to it, as if it had a personality of its own, the way other lonely people talk to their pets. . . . a sad commentary on human isolation, but nothing really out of the ordinary.

The clown never got bored with my stories, or told me to get my head together, or made me feel like a weaseling for confiding in it, almost like him, when times had been good — and even better, the clown wouldn't go finding other diversions and leaving me the way he had. It was a great, if one-sided, relationship.

It had gotten so I really took solace in looking at it. A sad face, more than scary, as it had seemed at first. No, it was really quite sympathetic-looking, a face I found a great deal in common with. . . . The same sad, lonesome eyes that looked at me from the mirror every morning, the pale, flat face with black all around it, like the invisible black that shadowed me everywhere I went.

I began to realise that was why he'd painted it in the first place, and why he'd left it there for me, because I was me, another just like me, to keep me company.

Continued on next





when he'd gone. After that, I didn't think about him so much any more, except as part of the story of me and the clowns. That had been his mission, to give me a thing to share my life with. I was never meant to live with people I'm a different sort of thing that none of them understand, a white face with black all around me, in the wrong world, for me.

Life was above painless for some time, then, once I'd gotten it all straightened out, I didn't need to read or go out to the arena any more. I stopped putting on the radio, when it started to say all those things I didn't understand. I only used the TV because I could see more clowns there. A lot of them would come, and walk back and forth, all the same, like me, and it, on the wall, kind of the same feeling as in the old days, when we'd be at parties, but that was all fading. Now I was the way I belonged, with others I didn't have to pretend with.

I wish it had gone on that way. It was good, and not to be hurting any more. Only the last month or so, I've been getting and again. Things keep coming through the black and bothering me, from the people



Scream QUEEN



Beautiful Viki Kemp came to the UK as a Miss World contestant. She didn't win, but she has made her mark on the beauty scene. Her first major role was in "Dr. Phibes Rises Again" (no wonder)

world. Like when I go out for food, and have to do my "normal" act, and all those stupid people just treat me like anybody else, like I wasn't from another world altogether.

In a way, that's what I want, because if they really knew how different I am, they'd take me to a place, like they did my old lady, and the other clowns might not be able to come there. It still makes me mad, though, all their silly faces, and the dopey one I have to wear when I see them, like before I know.

This typing is bad, too, I know, it makes me feel all people-y, but I'm so confused, now that that dead person is here, and I can't make him go away. The other clowns keep coming, but it doesn't help, because they can't take him away either. It's my own fault for doing a bad thing and bringing him here, but I guess it's too late now, and something nasty will probably happen.

I brought him back after he talked to me in the street. It was his fault, really. He was stupid, like all of them. I wouldn't have paid any attention, but I was having one of my bad thought runs, thinking about when I was playing people games, and he was living with me, and I thought I liked all that stupid, bad stuff we used to do. That dead person just kept talking, and wouldn't go away, and I started thinking maybe it would be nice to have him come to my place, like the old days, so I made some really silly people-talk back at him, and he came over here.

Then, as soon as he got here, I realised how foolish and bad I'd been, and the other clowns were getting all upset, and I was scared. All funny noises started to come into my head, and I knew if he didn't leave quickly, these wasn't going to be any more clown stuff for me, and if I didn't have that, I'd have nothing again.

I started to push him away, and get him out the door, but he was big, and I couldn't make him go. He was getting all mad and unpleasant, and I couldn't stand it, and I didn't know what to do, except I had to make him quiet, and keep him away from me, or my head would break open. Lucky for me, he was dumb enough to think I was just fooling when I grabbed the iron to hit him. I was so scared he'd stop me, but he was, but he was good and dumb, and I cranked his stupid head really hard before he even tried to duck.

I just kept hitting him with it until he stopped moving, and quit making all those pluggy noises. I didn't know for sure if he was dead, so I kept hitting for a long time. It felt kind of nice, and I kept hitting really hard to show I wasn't weak, like my mother.

Finally, I was pretty sure that he was dead, but I still didn't feel too good. He was really ugly, with all that blood, and he dopey head all mashed up like that.

First, I kind of had fun with the blood. I put it all on my face, around my eyes, and

a little dot on my nose, and all around my mouth, so I looked a better clown than ever, and then I put some on the clown on the wall to make him feel better, but it only looked like we were both crying blood, or something, and it got all brown and grossy.

Nothing helps now. I still have the noises in my head, and keep having the thoughts about the old days, even trying to write, like I did when I was a person. That dead guy is so ugly, that I don't think I can stay here with him any more.

I put the conditioner over him, but I still don't like him lying there, and I can't move him to get him into the closet, he's even bigger and stupider, now that he's dead.

I've never felt like this, not in a long time, anyway. I'm all crying, like a dumb person, with this sticky blood running down my face, all crusty and nasty, and I just don't know what to do. I hear more noises, like people coming, and it feels like I'm really the only clown left, and I'm so scared, but I still won't be all feeble, like her. Anybody comes in here, they're going to get a few good hits, too.

Then maybe every thing will be quiet, and the other clowns will come back, and I'll be nice, like it used to be, I have such stupid feelings, like nothing's ever going to be nice any more.

I think I might get put in hospital, even. Just like they did to my mother. Maybe I'm not so different, after all.



The Golden Voyage of Sinbad

We are not going into the story of this film and this feature should be perhaps entitled, "SPECIAL EFFECTS ... PAR EXCELLENCE" It is our tribute to one Mr. Ray Harryhausen, the co-producer and creator of special visual effects for the film.

Ray Harryhausen was born in Los Angeles on June 29th 1920 and went to grammar and high schools there. He attended the University of Southern California, majored in cinematography, and for a time he studied at a Los Angeles art school.

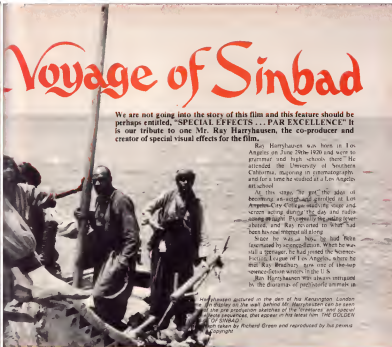
At this stage "he got" the idea of becoming an actor, and he did it. He became an actor, studying voice and screen acting, during the day and radio-acting at night. Finally he decided to go to Hollywood, and Ray moved to what had become his home.

Since he was a boy, he had been fascinated by science fiction. When he was still a teenager, he had joined the Science Fiction League in Los Angeles, where he met Ray Bradbury, one of the top science-fiction writers in the U.S.

Ray Harryhausen was always intrigued by the dramas of prehistoric animals in

Harryhausen pictured in the den of his Kensington London. On display on the wall behind Mr. Harryhausen can be seen the pre-production sketches of the "Vikings" and "Spartan" movie sequences, that appear in his latest film THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD.

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the Los Angeles County Museum, and when, in the mid-thirties he saw "King Kong" — still his favorite film of all time — a few interest was awakened, it the art of film animation.

While he was still at school, Ray bought a 16 mm. movie camera and made a short animated film, called "Evolution". The demonstration reels were shown at schools and other places, and George Pal, the Multi-Oscar-winning producer of "Puppetoons" saw them and in the early thirties gave Ray his first film job, as a model animator for short subjects.

During the war, Ray joined the U.S. Army Signal Corps and worked in the Photographic Training Section making orientation films. After the war he made a series of filmed fairy tales — "Little Red Riding Hood", etc. — using puppets, and they are still distributed throughout the United States to schools and churches.

In 1946, Ray began his first career in cartoon when he was hired to work on



"Mighty Joe Young" as an assistant to special effects director Willis O'Brien the man who had done the animation on "King Kong".

His next assignment was to design and create all the special visual effects for "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms", a film taken from the book written by Ray's old friend Ray Bradbury.



It was at this time that Ray began evolving his special process, a greatly advanced model animation system developed by combining known special effects processes with the findings of his own research.

When he met Charles H. Schneer in 1952, he was ready to apply his process to his first film with him — "It Came from Beneath the Sea".

In the past twenty years Schneer and Harryhausen have done ten films together. Among them were "Earth vs. Flying Saucers", "20 Million Miles to Earth", which Harryhausen also wrote, in collaboration with Charlotte Knight, "Seventh Voyage of Sinbad", "The Three Worlds of Gulliver", "Mysterious Island", "Jason and the Argonauts", "First Men in the Moon" and "Valley of Gwangi".

Between Schneer pictures, Ray did a film called "The Animal World" for Warner Bros. and was director of special visual effects on "One Million Years B.C." the film which made a star of Raquel Welch.



Over the past century of a century, Ray has developed one celebrity in his own right in the film industry. There are even a Ray Harryhausen fan magazine and club in Dallas, Texas. The reasons are his advanced ideas of what should be done to improve the field of animation and his ability to get it done.

"In many previous fantasies," he says, "the dramatic fantastic creatures were merely referred to rather than actually shown on the screen. The main purpose is to create a new dimension in the field of fantasy-film-making — to photograph things considered impossible to photograph."

But Ray's interests are not entirely concentrated upon his work. He enjoys playing golf, he's an avid collector of old film scores, he's an amateur archaeologist — and a winner. He wrote the story on which the script for "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad" was based, and he has just completed the work for a large, illustrated book called "Ray Harryhausen's Film Fantasy Scrapbook".

Ray has been in England for twelve years and lives with his English wife, Diana, and their daughter in London.



Continued from page 40

to a succession of physically sturdier, but creatively inferior actors. He did return to the series in 1945's "House of Frankenstein", but this time in the part of an unhinged doctor.

Other classic performances by Karloff include the ancient Im-Ho-Teo in "The Mummy", the title role in "The Mask of Fu Manchu", and appearances in Val Lewton's splendid, low-key thrillers, "Tower of London", "Bedlam", "The Body Snatcher", and the deeply disturbing "Isle of the Dead".

His need to be constantly at work, which seems to have been a personal obsession, also led him to appear in quite a few films of limited value. However true the material, Karloff always approached it with a professionalism and sincerity which enabled him to paraspire in the worst of petboilers, dignity intact.

In addition to films and extensive radio and television work, he won the praise of Broadway critics for his performance as Brewster in "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1941) Bishop Coughlin in "The Lark" (1955), and especially for the dual role of Mr. Darling/Captain Hook in the 1950 revival of "Peter Pan".

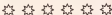
Towards the end of his life, he appeared in two sand-up of the horror genre, "The Raven" and "Comedy of Terrors" with fellow veterans Peter Lorne and Vincent Price, under the direction of the prolific Roger Corman. It was for Peter Bogdanovich, a Corman protégé, that he performed in

"Targets", a busy and touching thriller that provided a fitting coda to Karloff's contribution to the cinema. This was followed by cameo roles in several Italian quakes, but in London in February of 1963, he finally succumbed to his advanced age and many infirmities.

In private life, according to all sources, he was a charming, modest and very witty person, who enjoyed gardening and maintained a lifelong passion for cricket. He married from two to five times, depending on which authority you care to accept, and had a daughter Sara, who is to-day a busy housewife and mother in California.

In future issues of "World of Horror" we hope to bring you more interesting information on the work of this peerless performer.

In the meantime, those of you seeking further reading on the subject, might consult: Denis Gifford's *A Pictorial History of Horror Movies* (Hamlyn, 1973) or Forrest J. Ackerman's *The Frankenstein Monster* (New York, 1968) which, while, marred by that gentleman's embarrassingly twee taste, contains quite a few fascinating items of information.



Answers to Quiz Time

- "The Colossus of New York" (Paramount 1958)
- "Tales From The Crypt" (Pester Cushing)
- King, Leader of the Kingsmen (Sir Ralph Richardson as the Crypt Keeper)
- "Tales From The Crypt" (Sir Ralph Richardson as the Crypt Keeper)
- "Crucible of Terror" (Scottie-Barber Glendale Presentation)



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